



"I Believed Howard Guilty. Why Shouldn't I?"

# The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

## SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is discovered by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia dismisses him from the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries, Jr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To leave Howard she consents, but when she finds that the older Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she seizes his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Jr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard.

## CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"You're not afraid to help him," she said. "I know that—you just said so."

Judge Brewster raised his hat and brought it down on the desk with a bang which raised in a cloud the accumulated dust of weeks. His face set and determined, he said:

"You're quite right! I'm going to take your case!"

Annie bit herself giving way. It was more than she could stand. For victory to be hers when only a moment before defeat seemed certain was too much for her nerves. All she could gasp was:

"Oh, Judge!"

The lawyer adjusted his eyeglasses, blew his nose with suspicious energy, and took up a pen.

"Now don't pretend to be surprised—you knew I would. And please don't thank me. I hate to be thanked for doing what I want to do. If I didn't want to do it, I wouldn't."

Through her tears she murmured:

"I'd like to say 'thank you.'"

"Well, please don't," he snapped. But she persisted. Tenderly, she said:

"May I say you're the dearest, kindest?"

Judge Brewster shook his head.

"No—no—nothing of the kind."

"Most gracious—noble-hearted—courageous," she went on.

The judge struck the table another formidable blow.

"Mrs. Jeffries!" he exclaimed.

She turned away her head to hide her feelings.

"Oh, how I'd like to have a good cry," she murmured. "If Howard only knew!"

Judge Brewster touched an electric button, and his head clerk entered.

"Mr. Jones," said the lawyer quickly, "get a stenographic report of the case of the People against Howard Jeffries, Jr.; get the coroner's inquest, the grand jury indictment, and get a copy of the Jeffries confession—get everything—right away!"

The clerk looked inquiringly, first at Annie and then at his employer. Then respectfully he asked:

"Do we, sir?"

"We do," said the lawyer laconically.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Now, my dear young woman," said Judge Brewster, when the astonished head clerk had withdrawn, "if we are going to get your husband free you must get to work, and you must help me."

His visitor looked up eagerly.

"I'll do anything in my power," she said quickly. "What can I do?"

"Well—first of all," said the lawyer with some hesitation, "I want you to see a certain lady and to be exceedingly nice to her."

"Lady?" echoed Annie, surprised.

"Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr.," he replied slowly.

"Howard's stepmother!" she ejaculated.

A clerk entered and handed his employer a card. The lawyer nodded and said in an undertone:

"Show her in." Turning round again, he went on: "Yes—Howard's stepmother. She's out there now. She wants to see you. She wishes to be of service to you. Now, you must conciliate her. She may be of great use to us."

Annie's face expressed considerable doubt.

"Perhaps so," she said, "but the door was slammed in my face when I called to see her."

"That's nothing," answered the judge. "She probably knows nothing about it. In any case, please remember that she is my client—"

She bowed her head and murmured obediently:

"I'll remember."

The door of the office opened and Alicia entered. She stopped short on seeing who was there, and an awkward pause followed. Judge Brewster introduced them.

"Mrs. Jeffries, may I present Mrs. Howard, Jr.?"

Alicia bowed stiff and somewhat haughtily. Annie remained self-possessed and on the defensive. Addressing the banker's wife, the lawyer said:

"I told Mrs. Howard that you wished to speak to her. After a pause he added: 'I think, perhaps, I'll leave you together. Excuse me.'"

He left the office and there was another embarrassing silence. Annie waited for Mrs. Jeffries to begin. Her attitude suggested that she expected something unpleasant and was fully prepared for it. At last Alicia broke the silence:

"You may think it strange that I have asked for this interview," she began, "but you know, Annie—"

Interrupting herself, she asked: "You don't mind my calling you Annie, do you?"

The young woman smiled.

"I don't see why I should. It's my name and we're relatives—by marriage." There was an ironical ring in her voice as she went on: "Relatives! It seems funny, doesn't it, but we don't pick and choose our relatives. We must take them as they come."

Alicia made an effort to appear conciliatory.

"As we are—what we are—let's try to make the best of it."

"Make the best of it?" echoed Annie. "God knows I'm willing, but I've had mighty little encouragement, Mrs. Jeffries. When I called to see you the other day, to beg you to use your influence with Mr. Jeffries, 'not at home' was handed to me by the liveried footman and the door was slammed in my face. Ten minutes later you walked out to your carriage and were driven away."

"I knew nothing of this—believe me," murmured Alicia apologetically.

"It's what I got just the same," said the other dryly. Quickly she went on: "But I'm not complaining, understand—I'm not complaining. Only I did think that at such a time one woman might have held out a helping hand to another."

Alicia held up her hand protestingly.

"How could I?" she exclaimed. "Now, be reasonable. You are held responsible for Howard's present position."

"Yes—by the police," retorted Annie grimly, "and by a couple of yellow journals. I didn't think you'd believe all the gossip and scandal that's been printed about me. I didn't believe what was said about you."

Alicia started and changed color.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed haughtily. "What was said about me?"

"Well, it has been said that you married old Jeffries for his money and his social position."

"Old Jeffries!" protested Alicia indignantly. "Have you no respect for your husband's father?"

"Not a particle," answered the other coolly, "and I never will have till he acts like a father. I only had one interview with him and it finished with me for all time. He ain't a father—he's a fish."

"A fish!" exclaimed Alicia, scandalized at such feline majesty.

Annie went on recklessly:

"Yes—a cold-blooded—"

"But surely," interrupted Alicia, "you respect his position—his—"

"No, m'm; I respect a man because he behaves like a man, not because he lives in a marble palace on Riverside drive."

Alicia looked pained. This girl was certainly impossible.

"But surely," she said, "you realized that when you married Howard you—you made a mistake—to say the least."

"Yes, that part of it has been made pretty plain. It was a mistake—his mistake—my mistake. But now it's done and it can't be undone. I don't see why you can't take it as it is and—and—"

She stopped short and Alicia completed the sentence for her:

"—and welcome you into our family."

"Welcome me? No, m'am. I'm not welcome and nothing you or your set could say would ever make me believe that I was welcome. All I ask is that Howard's father do his duty by his son."

"I do not think—pardon my saying so," interrupted Alicia stiffly, "that you are quite in a position to judge of what constitutes Mr. Jeffries' duty to his son."

"Perhaps not. I only know what I would do—what my father would have done—what any one would do if they had a spark of humanity in them. But they do say that after three generations of society life red blood turns into blue."

Alicia turned to look out of the window. Her face still averted she said:

"What is there to do? Howard has acknowledged his guilt. What sacrifices we may make will be thrown away."

Annie eyed her companion with contempt. Her voice quivering with indignation, she burst out:

"What is there to do? Try and save him, of course. Must we sit and do nothing because things look black? Ah! I wasn't brought up that way. No, m'am, I'm going to make a fight!"

"It's useless," murmured Alicia, shaking her head.

"Judge Brewster doesn't think so," replied the other calmly.

The banker's wife gave a start of surprise. Quickly she demanded:

"You mean that Judge Brewster has encouraged you to—to—"

"He's done more than encourage me—God bless him!—he's going to take up the case."

Alicia was so thunderstruck that for a moment she could find no answer.

"What!" she exclaimed, "without consulting Mr. Jeffries?"

She put her handkerchief to her face to conceal her agitation. Could it be possible that the judge was going to act, after all, in defiance of her husband's wishes? If that were true, what would become of her? Concealment would be no longer possible. Discovery of her clandestine visit to Underwood's apartment that fatal night must come Howard might still be the murderer. Underwood might not have committed suicide, but her visit to his rooms at midnight would become known. Judge Brewster was not the man to be deterred by difficulties once he took up a case. He would see the importance of finding the mysterious woman who went secretly to Underwood's rooms that night of the tragedy.

"He consulted only his own feelings," went on Annie. "He believes in

Howard, and he's going to defend him."

Alicia looked at her anxiously as if trying to read what might be in her mind. Indifferently she went on:

"The papers say there was a quarrel about you, that you and Mr. Underwood were too friendly. They implied that Howard was jealous. Is this true?"

"It's all talk," cried Annie indignantly—"nothing but scandal—lies! There's not a word of truth in it. Howard never had a jealous thought of me—and as for me—why—I've always worshiped the ground he walked on. Didn't he sacrifice everything for my sake? Didn't he quarrel with his father for me? Didn't he marry me? Didn't he try to educate and make a lady of me? My God!—do you suppose I'd give a man like that cause for jealousy? What do the newspapers care? They print cruel statements that cut into a woman's heart, without giving it a thought, without knowing or caring whether it's true or not, as long as it interests and amuses their readers. You—you don't really believe I'm the cause of his misfortunes, do you?"

Alicia shook her head as she answered kindly:

"No, I don't. Believe me, I don't. You were right when you said that at such a time as this one woman should stand by another. I'm going to stand by you. Let me be your friend, let me help you." Extending her hand, she said:

Annie grasped the proffered hand. It was the first that had been held out to her in her present trouble. A lump rose in her throat. Much affected, she said:

"It's the first kind word that—"

She stopped and looked closely for a moment at Alicia. Then she went on:

"It's the queerest thing, Mrs. Jeffries, but it keeps coming into my mind. Howard told me that while he was at Underwood's that dreadful night he thought he heard your voice. It must have been a dream, of course, yet he thought he was sure of it. Your voice—that's queer, isn't it? Why—what's the matter?"

Alicia had grown deathly pale and staggered against a chair. Annie ran to her aid, thinking she was ill.

"It's nothing—nothing!" stammered Alicia, recovering herself.

Fearing she had said something to hurt her feelings, Annie said sympathetically:

"I haven't said anything—anything out of the way—have I? If I have I'm sorry—awfully sorry. I'm afraid—I've been very rude and you've been so kind!"

"No, no!" interrupted Alicia quickly. "You've said nothing—done nothing—you've had a great deal to bear—a great deal to bear. I understand that perfectly." Taking her companion's hand in hers, she went on:

"Tell me, what do they say about the woman who went to see Robert Underwood the night of the tragedy?"

"The police can't find her—we don't know who she is." Confidently she went on: "But Judge Brewster will find her. We have a dozen detectives searching for her. Capt. Clinton accused me of being the woman—you know he doesn't like me."

The banker's wife was far too busy thinking of the number of detectives employed to find the missing witness to pay attention to the concluding sentence. Anxiously she demanded:

"Supposing the woman is found, what can she prove? What difference will it make?"

"All the difference in the world," replied Annie. "She is a most important witness." Firmly she went on: "She must be found. If she didn't shoot Robert Underwood, she knows who did."

"But how can she know?" argued Alicia. "Howard confessed that he did it himself. If he had not confessed it would be different."

"He did not confess," replied the other calmly. "Mrs. Jeffries—he never confessed. If he did, he didn't know what he was saying."

Alicia was rapidly losing her self-possession.

"Did he tell you that?" she gasped. Annie nodded.

"Yes, Dr. Bernstein says the police forced it out of his third brain. I made Howard go over every second of his life that night from the time he left me to the moment he was arrested. There wasn't a harsh word between them." She stopped short and looked with alarm at Alicia, who had turned ashen white. "Why, what's the matter? You're pale as death—you—"

Alicia could contain herself no longer. Her nerves were on the point of giving way. She felt that if she could not confide her secret to some one she must go mad. Pacing the floor, she cried:

"What am I to do? What am I to do? I believed Howard guilty. Why shouldn't I? I had no reason to doubt his own confession! Every one believed it—his own father included. Why should I doubt it. But I see it all now! Underwood must have shot himself as he said he would!"

Annie started. What did Mrs. Jeffries mean? Did she realize the tremendous significance of the words she was uttering?

"As he said he would!" she repeated slowly.

"Yes," said Alicia weakly.

Annie bounded forward and grasped her companion's arm. Her face flushed, almost unable to speak from suppressed emotion, she cried:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Exception.

Binks—"Here is somebody who says that no woman is a suffragist unless she has a grouse on some man." Sinks—"That's queer. My wife isn't a suffragist."

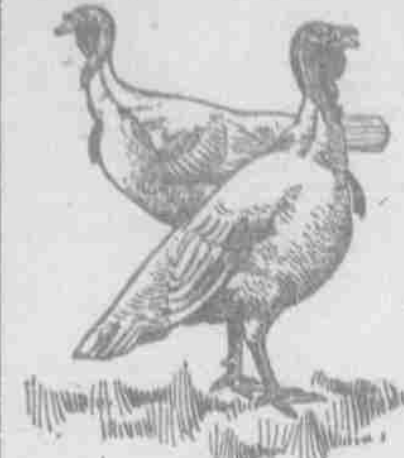


## POULTRY NOTES

TURKEYS ON SMALL FARM

White Hollands Are Best Adapted—They Are Hardy and Quick Growers and Excellent Layers.

The White Holland breed of turkeys is best adapted to small farms where everything is crowded. They usually make their nests in, or close around the farm buildings, and are excellent mothers during the incubation season, being quiet and easily handled. When



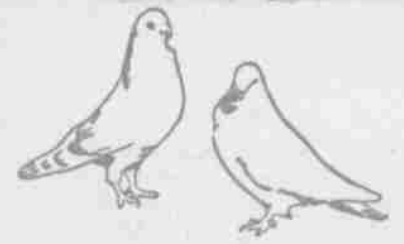
Pair of White Hollands.

the poults are hatched they readily take to the fields, never loafing around the barnyard, and yet nearly always keeping within sight. With but little attention they are always at home at night. They are hardy and quick growers, and excellent layers. One of my yearling hens laid 59 eggs this season, besides hatching a brood of 24 poults from 25 eggs.

## GOOD QUALITIES OF HOMER

Used in Preference to All Others for Breeding Purposes on Account of Large Size.

The Homer is used for breeding in preference to all others, on account of its large size, prolific and fertile breeding. Being splendid feeders, the squabs are always in nice, fat condition for selling for broilers, or they can be raised to full growth and sold at a profitable price. They can be bred in confinement or at liberty, and raise from 12 to 16 young in a year or a pair every six weeks from January 15 to November or moulting time. They lay but two eggs and sit



Pair of Homers.

about 18 days in hatching, and then they feed their young while they are preparing for another nesting, which they usually have before the squabs can feed themselves.



Pair of Homers.

Ducks are good hatchers but poor mothers.

Clean house often and don't forget the widows.

Lawn clippings make an ideal summer green-food ration.

The brooder should be so constructed that it can be easily cleaned.

Ducks kept on land must be supplied with fresh water three times a day.

Lighter foods are best these warm days. Heavy food like corn heats the blood.

Fowls seldom suffer from constipation, if they have plenty of grit and variety of food.

Green oats, sweet corn fodder and rye are excellent green food for both old and young ducks.

Charcoal pounded fine and kept in the drinking pans will keep the young and old birds in good condition.

If the poultry rather resorts to artificial incubation, it is usually necessary to resort to artificial brooding.

Real consumption in poultry is rare, but pneumonia, or inflammation, or congestion of the lungs is quite common.

Fresh, green bone is of itself almost a complete feed, and may be used as a special material for egg production.

Feed the poults on hard boiled eggs, chopped fine, boiled rice and soaked bread every two hours from early morning until night.

It is no sign that a hen is hungry just because she runs with outspread wings whenever called. A hen never knows when she has enough.

In feeding any kind of feed to the birds great care should be exercised to prevent them from getting into the feed with their feet.

To make strong egg shells the hen must have a plentiful supply of mineral matter, such as crushed oyster shells, ground bone and clover.

When hatched leave the young over night with the mother. Next day lift the mother gently and place her in a large, dry coop with the entire brood.

## CURED SORES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED

Woman Acts as Benefactress to Children

Mrs. W. Linsky, of Balem, Mass., writes, telling of the wonderful results from the use of Resinol. In her own words the letter reads:

"I have used your Resinol Ointment for five years, as two different doctors recommended it. I have given it to a number of children with sores that they could not find a cure for, and it was always sure to cure them. I would not be without it."

Resinol is the indispensable standard remedy for all skin troubles, from the common pimple, cut, scald, burn or sore, to carbuncles, felons, eczema, erythema, herpes, barber's itch, psoriasis and every abrasion of the skin from any cause. Resinol Ointment can be instantly applied and its effect is instantaneous. It is put up in screw-top opal containers, selling at fifty cents or a dollar, according to size. It has the approval and recommendation of thousands of our best physicians, and hundreds of thousands of families are never without it. Another indispensable necessity is Resinol Soap, one of the finest, most soothing and refreshing toilet soaps in the world. It is a preventive of most of the skin troubles, including blackheads, pimples and chapped hands. It is especially adapted to the tender skin of infants and children. Nothing is better for shampooing and cleansing the scalp and for the prevention of falling hair. The ointment and soap are sold by all druggists.

Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

## An Eight Years' Walk.

Hiram Davis of Newburg went for a walk with his father eight years ago. The father stopped to talk with a friend, and Hiram, then about ten years old, walked on. He was never seen after that until he walked into his parents' home recently.

The police all over the east were on the lookout for him, the Hudson river was searched and finally he was given up for dead. When he greeted his mother it was some hours before she could be calmed.

Davis has been out west.—New York Sun.

## Sincere But Awkward.

It was at the private theatricals, and the young man wished to compliment his hostess, says the Boston Transcript:

"Madam, you played your part splendidly. It fits you to perfection."

"I'm afraid not. A young and pretty woman is needed for that part," said the smiling hostess.

"But, madam, you have positively proved the contrary."

## FREE



## MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

TRADE MARK

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 334 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no opium, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills. 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 334 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.